

April 19, 2021

Dear Honorable Judge Myers,

My name is Morgan Smith McBride. I am 31 years old and live in Charleston, South Carolina. Randall Smith is my father. I am aware of the charges against him and the seriousness of those charges. I am writing so you can get an idea of him as a person beyond those charges.

I thought that I could share a story about my dad that I really love. I got married in April of 2015. The wedding was held on a deck, under a tent, on a creek here in South Carolina. April is a risky month for an outdoor wedding ("April showers" and all of that) but it's also one of the most beautiful months here; the weather is sunny without being too hot and it's usually very comfortable and the perfect time to be outside.

Well, the day of my wedding it was supposed to rain. I was, of course the ever-obsessed bride, looking out the window all morning waiting for the rain. For the hour leading up to my wedding ceremony, we were hiding out inside the venue, away from any windows, and my dad kept coming up to check on me. Every time he came up, I asked him if it was raining. He kept telling me, it's not going to rain, don't worry about it.

So the time came for the ceremony to begin. The music was playing. My granny was walked out of the building, down about ten feet of sidewalk, and then under the tent and down the aisle. She hadn't been under the tent for two seconds when the sky opened up and rain poured down as hard as it could possibly rain. But, the show had to go on.

The men started walking in, and then the ladies, and then all that was left was me and my dad, arm in arm. We stood in the doorway, looking at a wall of rain and the tent ten feet away, and he turned to me and said "I wasn't lying to you. I really didn't think it was going to rain." And then we walked through the rain and laughed and laughed.

This story might seem random but to me it personifies my dad and my relationship to him as an adult. He has always tried so hard to make things good for us. To provide for his family. And for my mother and sister and I to be happy. He is not a liar. He is truly kind and good hearted. And has a great sense of humor.

My dad has always been an extremely hard worker. He ran a business basically single handedly for thirty years and was always the sole provider for our household. He prioritized giving my sister and I the best possible education - even at the expense of things for himself. He worked tirelessly at his business as well as around our home,

always busy with one project or another. He cared about his employees. He only had two, but they worked for him for my entire lifetime and stuck with him even when the business went south during the recession. He agonized over being able to keep giving them enough hours and keep them on the payroll. They were like a second family to him and he always took care of his family.

My dad loves animals. He especially loves cats and has had one or more his entire life, ever since he was four years old and (as legend has it) asked Santa Claus for a pregnant cat for Christmas. I remember being a child and a bad hurricane came through - it was Fran or Floyd, I always get those two confused in my memories. A lot of big trees came down around my neighborhood and my dad was amongst many who were helping to cut them down and move them. While doing this, my dad discovered a baby squirrel. When it became clear that the squirrel had no mama around, my dad put him in a box and dropper fed him until he was big enough to be on his own. My dad was famous in our house for refusing to kill bugs - especially granddaddy long leg spiders - and caught them with a cup and a piece of paper and released them outdoors instead. He quite literally couldn't hurt a fly.

My dad gets deeply passionate about his hobbies. Over the years he has been very into working on old cars, collecting arrowheads and ancient artifacts, hiking and being outdoors, and health and nutrition. He dives deeply into a hobby, reading as much information as possible and becoming a true expert. He loves to learn and he loves to teach, as well. He is a very quiet, soft spoken man, but he will talk your ear off about any of his passions.

Obviously I know what my dad did was horrible, and he has to face the consequences. But I ask for your compassion in sentencing him. He is a multifaceted person. He is a contributor to society. And he is a great father and grandfather. It would mean the world to me for him to be able to see his grandchildren again one day.

Thank you for your time,
Morgan Smith McBride

